1-Jul-12

It was Sunday today, meaning no class. I woke up to the noise of fat-whore opening up every door and window of this room, WTF, I wanted to spill some abuses but didn’t, I had to meditate and I tried my best at getting the result of meditation for 20 breaths. There was no breakfast until late, I was wondering to get something to eat before I could start working, but I had start working empty stomach. They kept milk and noodles for me on the corner of the table, and I came over to have them after 1100. I was listening to the music and studying the JDBC from notes, creating soft-copy of them. I had lunch, an increased amount of chapatti these days; I have been trying to get 5 now, from four on the regular. I was asleep for two hours after that. I woke up around 1500 and had started to work just then. Around 1530, my phone rang and to my surprise, it was Mahima. She was in the market to buy some chips and cold-drink for her little brother and sister. She just called me and told me to entertain her; she said she was getting bored, wow. I was clueless at the moment about reacting to the situation, I only tried being supportive, I asked her if she wanted me to come and see her at the market. Then, she was told me come out as she’d be back at the society in minutes. I jumped from my place, closed down the Notebook, changed the t-shirt and left. She was there in the B3 parking, waiting for me. I was just listening to the stories she was telling about her doing so much fun and the pranks. Well, pranks are the coolest thing that school kids do, but I am not of the age to take out time for pranks now in this busy life. I was just listening to her and we spent an hour talking in the parking, it is summers and we are standing out in the afternoon, wow. It was around 1630, that I saw her mother, but she was all dressed up with sun-shades, so I missed her and just watched her go, then Mahima turned around to see what I was looking at, and she was tempted to have run before her mother creates any trouble for her. The girl has spent 75 hours talking on the phone, and I have spent like 5, which is one-by-fifteen of amount of time that she spent. I was fine being a listener, I was trying to respond in the best way, and I think I didn’t get her off. She was just telling me stories, I only had to listen to them and smile. I was back at home and I was in the bed, my mind was boggled. I sat to study again for 30 minutes or so, and then I was out for soccer. Prabhav and I got to be in the same team against the team formed by the three skilled players from outside and Vishwas. They played it cool, passing game, we were playing fine with our game, but we lost. Prabhav hates to lose; he really does thinks about winning sometimes. It relaxes me somewhat when I know the mistakes we made, I wouldn’t want to correct them, I would take it casually as if I have learnt the game, no I haven’t, I would be, I always make the same mistakes and still do nothing about them, just relax and sleep over it. It is not right, I can learn a lot form sports, and one thing for sure is discipline.

Fat-whore and the two other two went to see some relative and I was at home to live in freedom for a while. I was internet and there was nothing there. It has all totally settled. They were back around 2230.

-OK (2355)